("UNCLE TOM'S CABIN")

GEORGE'S SONG OF FREEDOM

Who can speak the blessedness of that first day of freedom. How impossible was it to sleep in the exultant possession of such blessedness! And yet these two had not one piece of ground, not a roof that they could call their own, they had spent their all to the last dollar, yet they could not sleep for joy. Those who take freedom from man, with what words will he answer it to God."

THE WORDS BY
CHARLES JEFFERYS.

THE MUSIC BY
STEPHEN GLOVER.

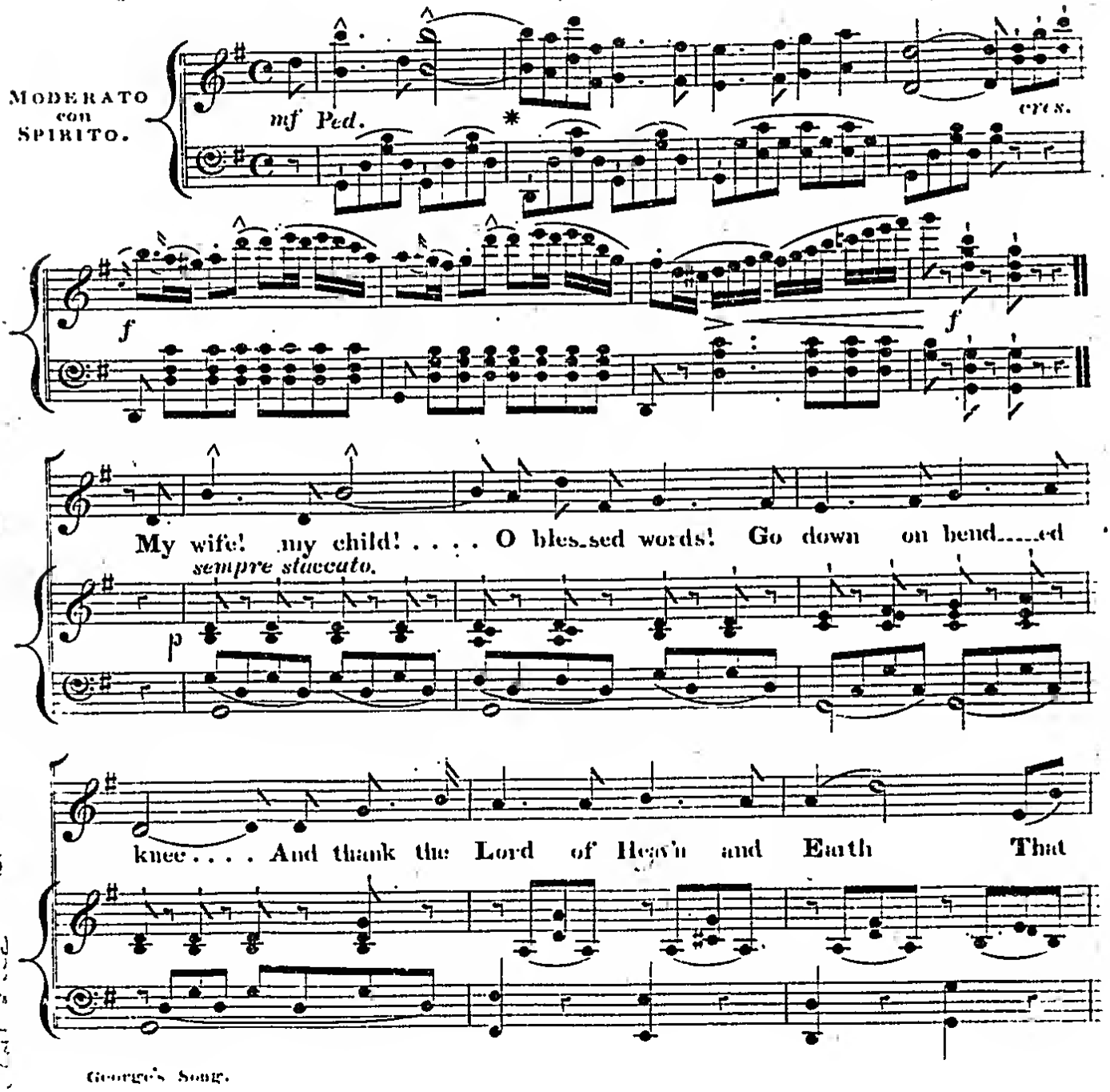
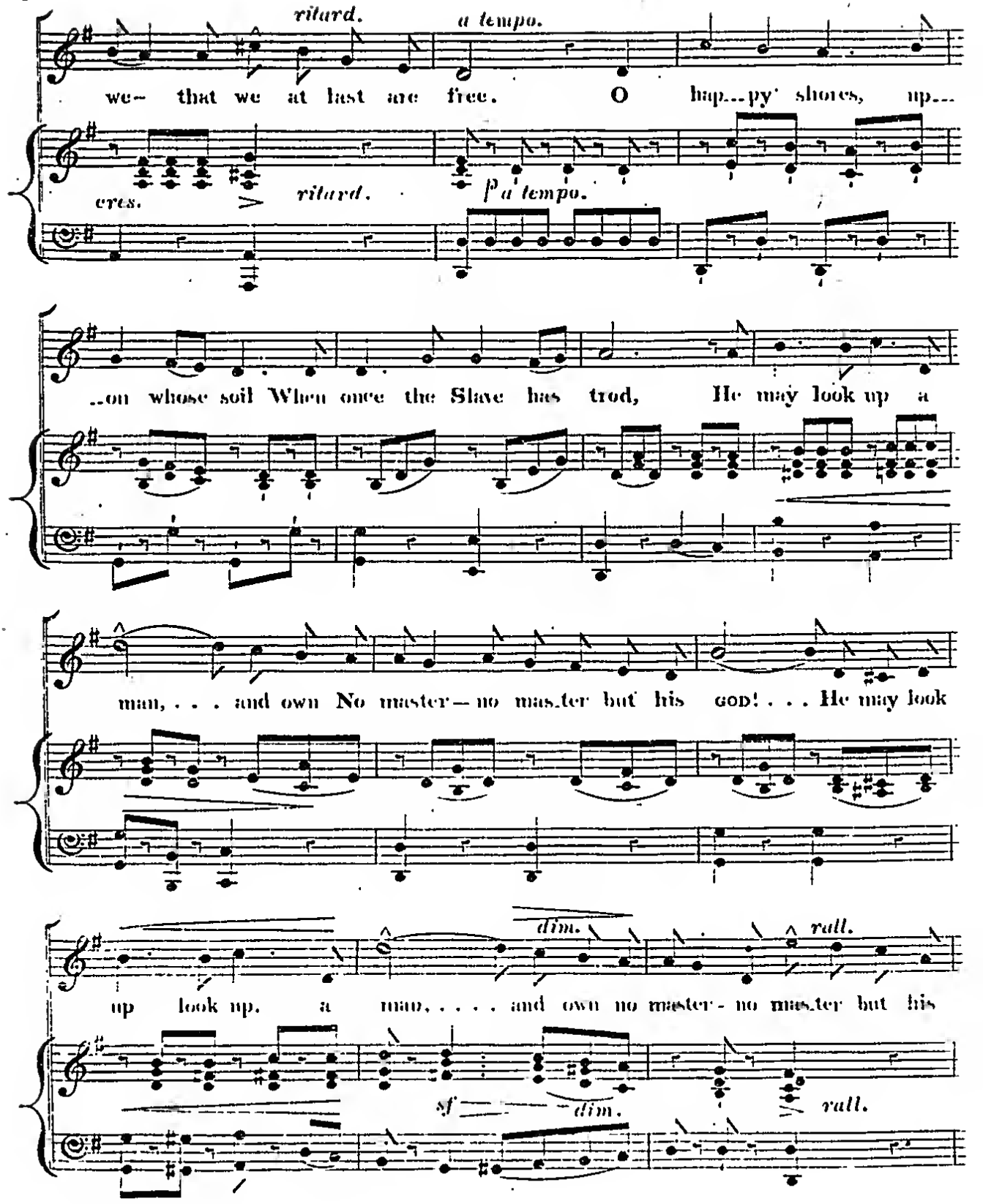
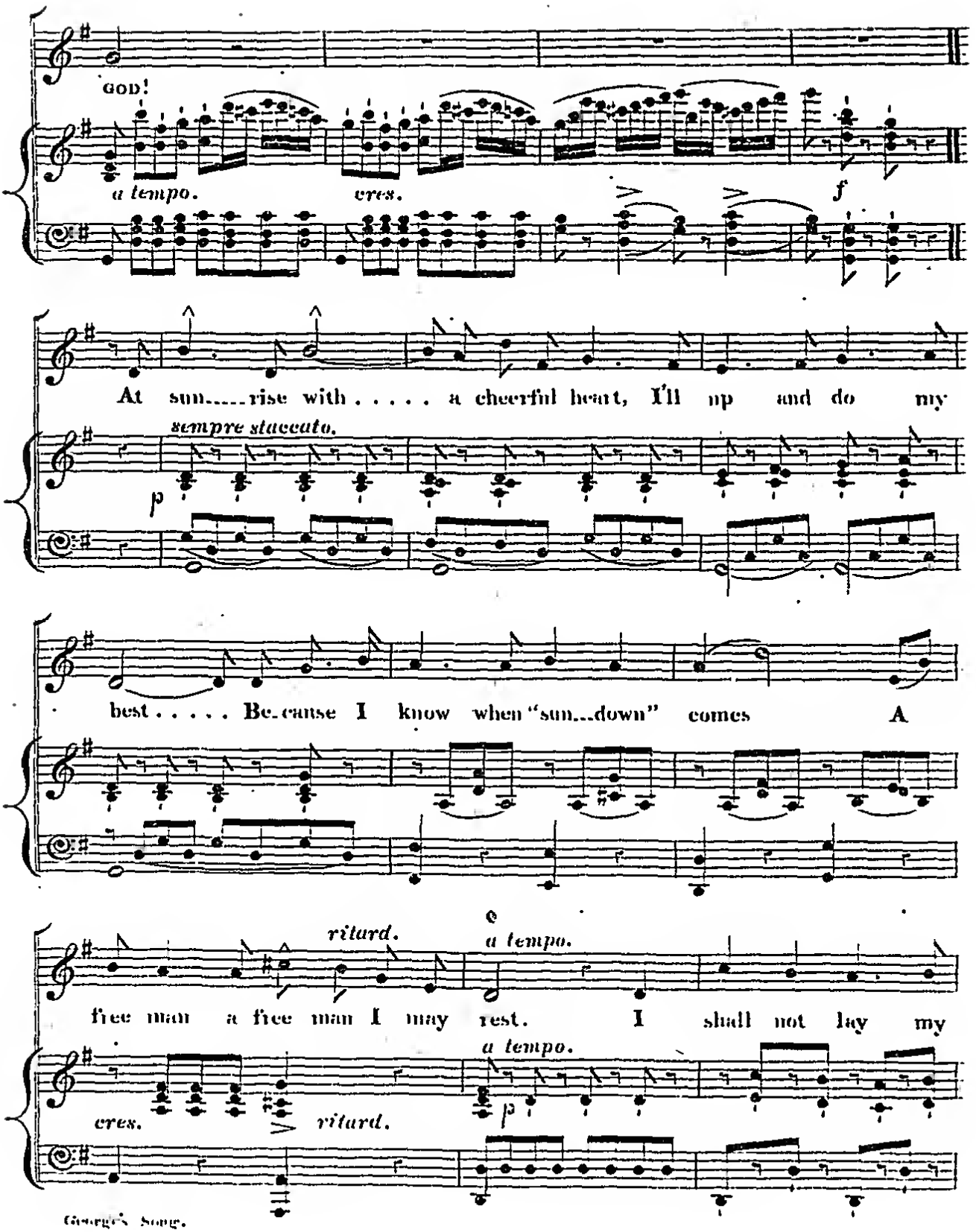
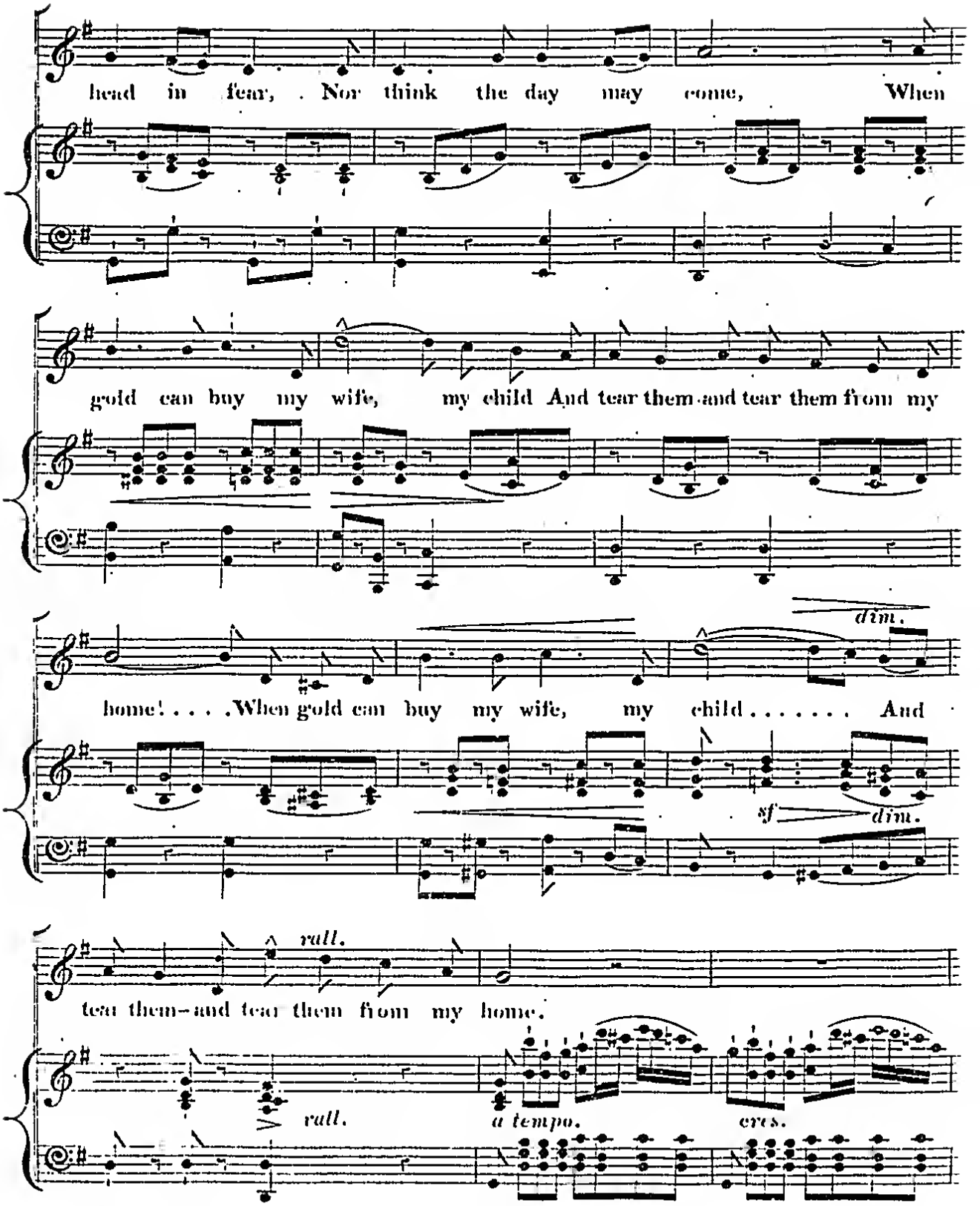
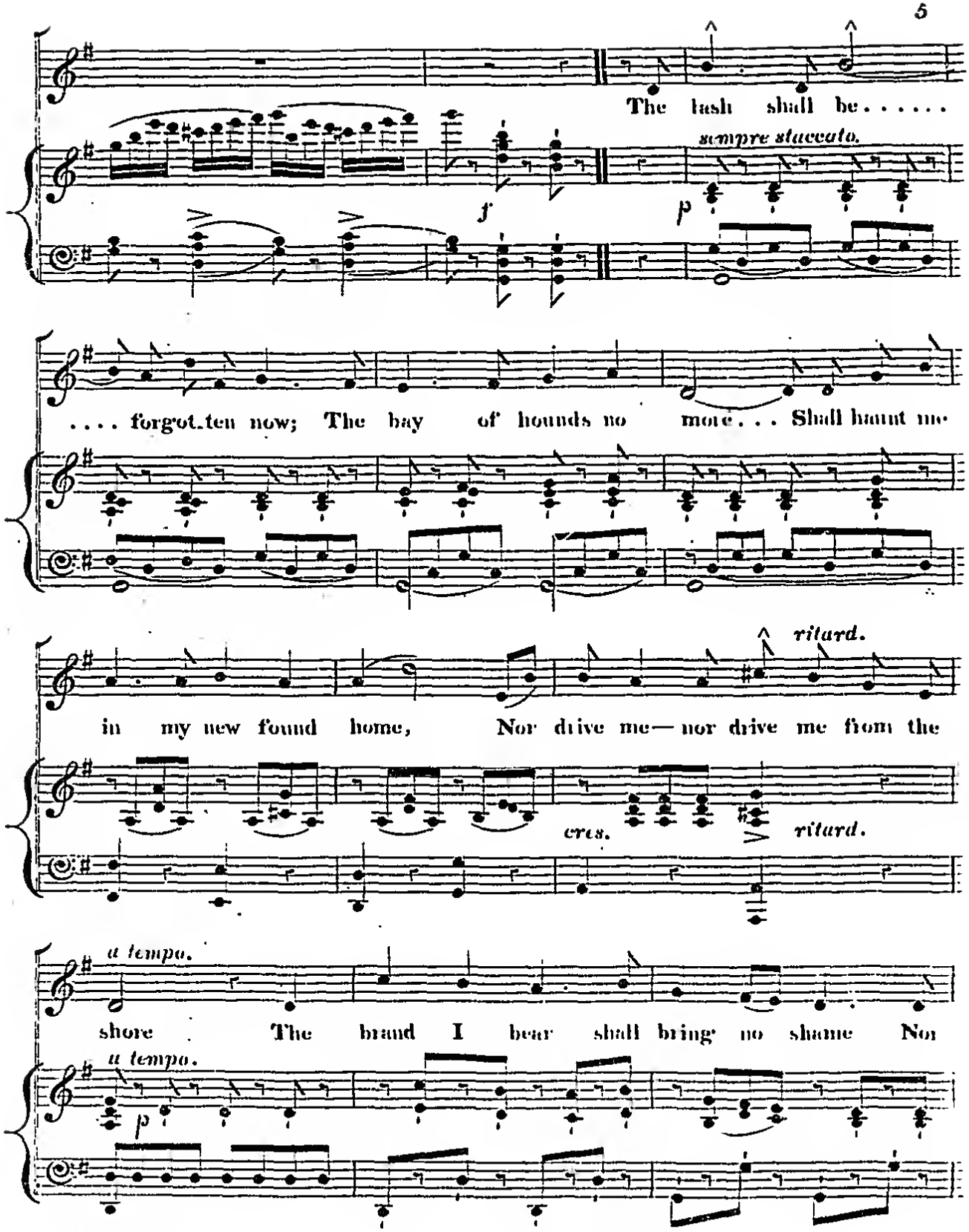
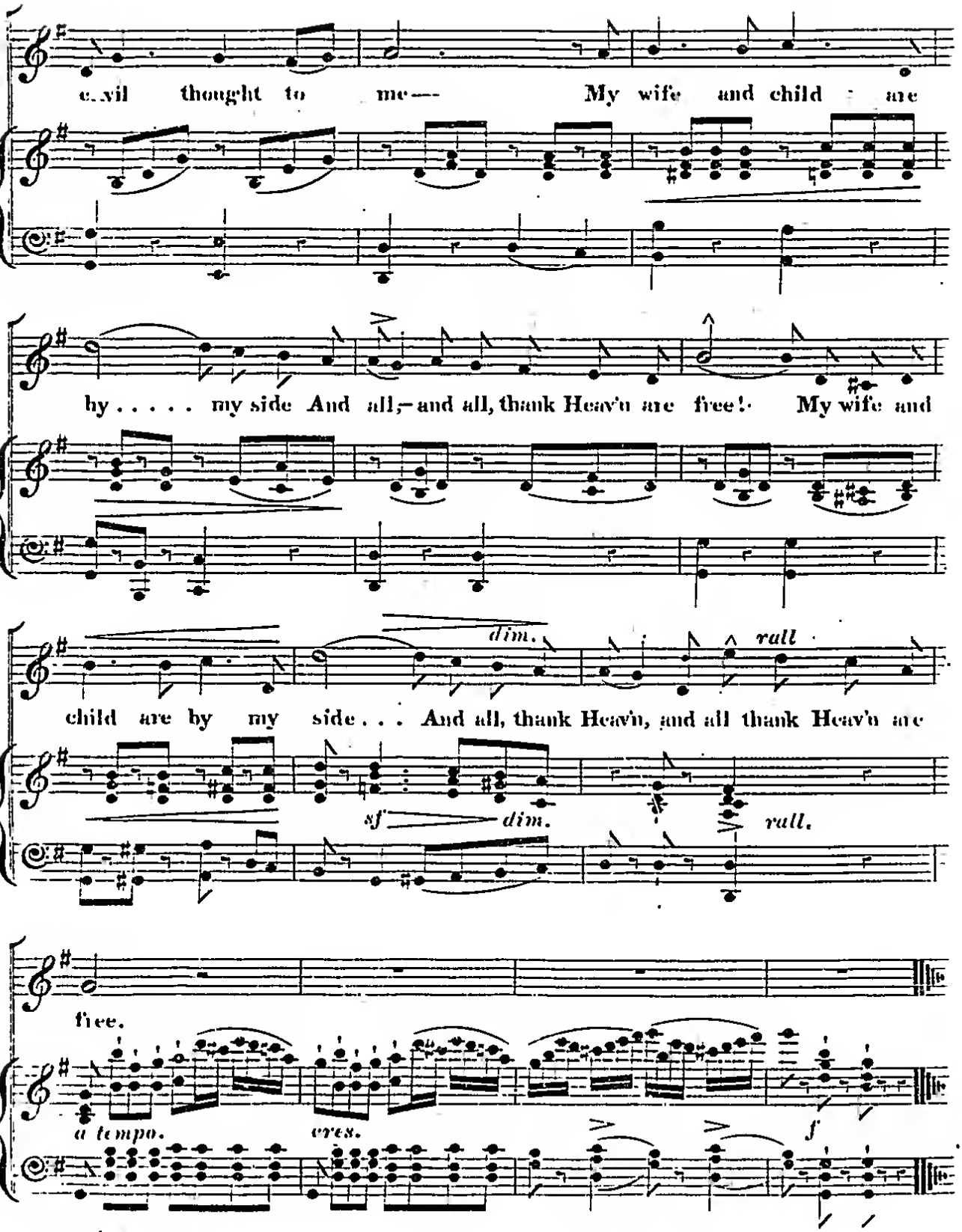
LONDON C JEFFERYS 21 SOHO SQUARE
WHERE MAY BE HAD ALL THE SONGS FROM UNCLE TOMS CABIN WRITTEN BY C JEFFERYS

JEFFERYS' EDITION.

OF

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" SONGS—

"GEORGE'S SONG."

Words by CHAS JEFFERYS. *Music by* STEPHEN GLOVER.

MODERATO con SPIRITO.
mf Ped.
cres.
f
f
My wife! my child! . . . . O bles_sed words! Go down on bend_____ed
sempre staccato.
p
knee . . . . And thank the Lord of Heav'n and Earth That

ritard.
a tempo.
we- that we at last are free. O hap...py shores, up...
cres.
ritard.
p a tempo.
...on whose soil When once the Slave has trod, He may look up a
man, . . . and own No master— no master but his GOD! . . . He may look
dim.
rall.
up look up. a man, ... and own no master- no master but his
sf
dim.
rall.

GOD!
a tempo.
cres.
f
At sun.....rise with . . . . . a cheerful heart, I'll up and do my
sempre staccato.
p
best . . . . . Be-cause I know when "sun...down" comes A
ritard.
a tempo.
free man a free man I may rest. I shall not lay my
a tempo.
cres.
ritard.
p

head in fear, . Nor think the day may come, When
gold can buy my wife, my child And tear them and tear them from my
dim.
home! . . . .When gold can buy my wife, my child . . . . . And
sf
dim.
rall.
tear them—and tear them from my home.
rall.
a tempo.
cres.

The lash shall be.....
sempre staccato.
f
p
.... forgot.ten now; The bay of hounds no more... Shall haunt me
in my new found home, Nor drive me— nor drive me from the
ritard.
cres.
ritard.
a tempo.
shore The brand I bear shall bring no shame Nor
a tempo.
p

evil thought to me— My wife and child are
by . . . . . my side And all;—and all, thank Heav'n are free! My wife and
dim.
rall
child are by my side . . . And all, thank Heav'n, and all thank Heav'n are
sf
dim.
rall.
free.
a tempo.
cres.
f